ATLAS
MENACE
MENACE
10¢
MAY
ON SALE MONTHLY
MORE TALES OF MADDENING MENACE
"YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE FOREVER!"
"MEN IN BLACK!"
"RODEO!"
IN THIS ISSUE:
THE MOON IS FULL... THE NIGHT IS BLACK... SUDDENLY THE ROAR OF THE WEREWOLF BREAKS THE EVENING'S AWFUL STILLNESS!

Reducing Specialist Says:

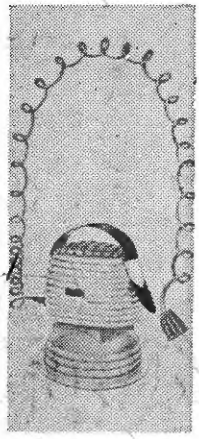
LOSE WEIGHT Where It Shows Most REDUCE MOST ANY PART OF THE BODY WITH

ELECTRIC Spot Reducer

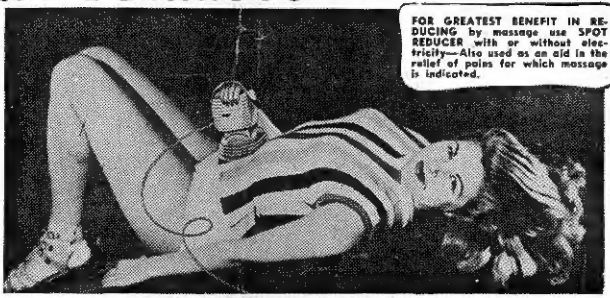
Relaxing · Soothing Penetrating Massage

PLUG IN GRASP HANDLE AND APPLY

UL UNDERWRITERS LABORATORY APPROVED



Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and turkish baths—MASSAGE!



FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use SPOT REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY Without Risking HEALTH

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains —and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only $1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman $8.95 plus delivery—or send $9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

ALSO USE IT FOR ACHES AND PAINS

CAN'T SLEEP:

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit

MUSCULAR ACHES:

A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way — in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. B-356
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the Standard Model SPOT REDUCER for 10 days trial period. I enclose $1.00, upon arrival I will pay postman only $8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose $12.95. Send DeLux Model, postage prepaid.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose $12.95 for DeLux Model. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

☐ I enclose $9.95. Send Standard Model.

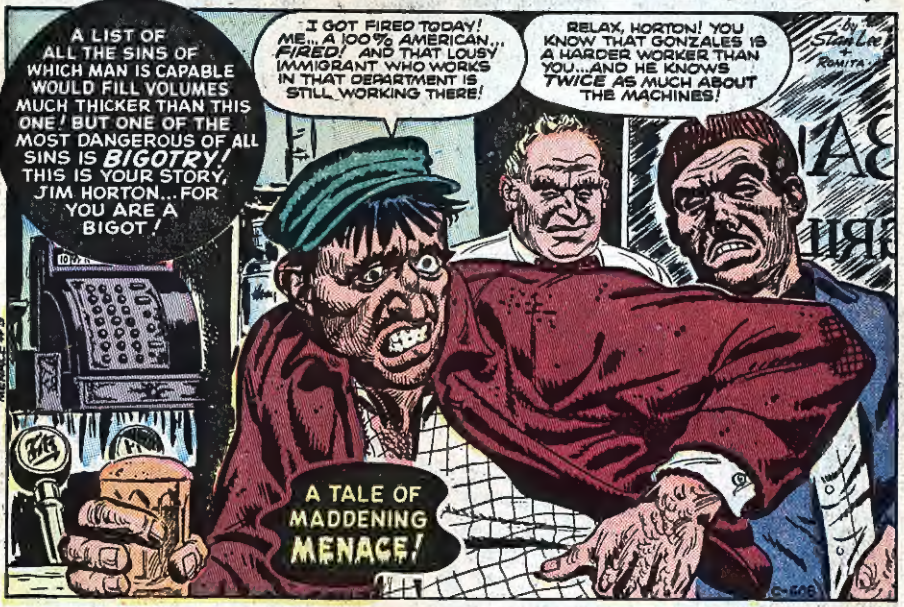
LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

MENACE is published MONTHLY by HERCULES PUBLISHING CORP. Office of Publication: 270 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at BRIDGEPORT, CONN. Copyright 1953 by HERCULES PUBLISHING CORP., 270 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Vol. 1, No. 3, MAY, 1953 issue. Price 10c per copy. Subscription rate $1.45 for 12 issues including postage. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Monroe Froehlich, Business Manager. Printed in the U.S.A.

OUR LEAD-OFF YARN FOR THIS MONTH WILL HIT YOU WITH THE IMPACT OF A SLEDGE-HAMMER!! IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOUR TOWN...TO YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD... *TO YOU!* TAKE WARNING! LIKE RATS IN THE NIGHT, MEN LIKE JIM HORTON CAN BE *ANYWHERE!*

MEN IN BLACK

by Stan Lee + Romita


A LIST OF ALL THE SINS OF WHICH MAN IS CAPABLE WOULD FILL VOLUMES MUCH THICKER THAN THIS ONE! BUT ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL SINS IS *BIGOTRY!* THIS IS YOUR STORY, JIM HORTON... FOR YOU ARE A BIGOT!
I GOT FIRED TODAY! ME... A 100% AMERICAN... *FIRED!* AND THAT LOUSY IMMIGRANT WHO WORKS IN THAT DEPARTMENT IS STILL WORKING THERE!
RELAX, HORTON! YOU KNOW THAT GONZALES IS A HARDER WORKER THAN YOU...AND HE KNOWS *TWICE* AS MUCH ABOUT THE MACHINES!
A TALE OF MADDENING *MENACE!*
MENACE #9
C-508

LISTEN TO 'IM! LISTEN TO LUIGI HERE! LISTEN TO HOW THESE DIRTY FOREIGNERS ALWAYS STICK UP FOR EACH OTHER!
ALL RIGHT, HORTON... BEAT IT! I DON'T WANNA HEAR THAT KIND'A TALK IN MY BAR...AND I DON'T WANNA SEE YOUR UGLY PUSS IN HERE ANY MORE!

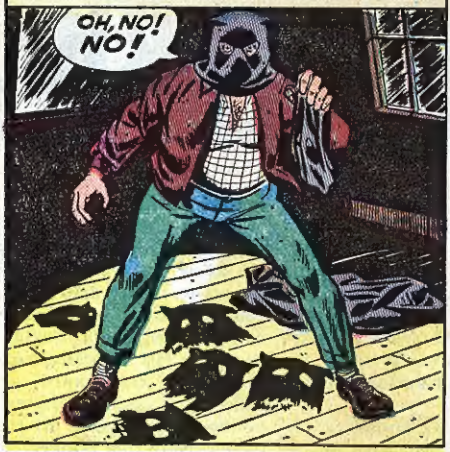
SURE, REILLY... I'D HAVE EXPECTED YOU TO SAY THAT! YOU WEREN'T EVEN BORN HERE! YOU'RE AS BAD AS THE OTHERS!
BUT JUST WAIT... SOMEDAY US REAL AMERICANS'LL BAND TOGETHER AND PUT YOU ROTTEN CRUMBS WHERE YOU BELONG!
GET OUT... YOU'RE MAKIN' ME SICK!

YOU WALK DOWN THE STREET WITH YOUR MIND SEETHING! THE LIQUOR AND YOUR OWN BIGOTRY HAVE COMBINED TO MAKE YOUR THOUGHTS AS POISONOUS AND HATE-FILLED AS POSSIBLE!
THEY OUGHTTA BE KICKED OUTTA THIS COUNTRY...ALL OF 'EM...OR BETTER YET, WE OUGHTTA JUST ROUND 'EM UP AND MACHINE-GUN 'EM!
YOU SLAM OPEN THE DOOR OF YOUR RAMSHACKLE COTTAGE AND FIND YOURSELF CONFRONTED BY THE PATHETIC FIGURE OF MARION, YOUR WIFE...
I HEARD ABOUT IT, JIM! YOU GOT INTO A FIGHT WITH YOUR FOREMAN AND HE FIRED YOU!
YEAH, BUT WHAT ELSE CAN YA EXPECT FROM A CRUMMY FOREIGNER?
WELL, I'VE HAD ALL I CAN STAND OF YOU! I'M LEAVING, JIM... RIGHT NOW!
YOU CAN'T! I WON'T LET YOU! YOU'RE ALL I GOT!
YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME, JIM! YOU NEVER HAD ME! THERE WAS NEVER ROOM IN THAT HATE-RIDDEN HEART OF YOURS FOR ANY LOVE FOR ANYBODY!
IF YOU WANT TO GET IN TOUCH WITH ME FOR ANYTHING, CONTACT MY LAWYER! HE'LL KNOW WHERE TO REACH ME!
SURE...I MIGHT'VE KNOWN! IT'S PROBABLY ALL HIS FAULT! HE PROBABLY TALKED YOU INTO IT... I MIGHT'VE KNOWN THIS WOULD HAPPEN WITH A LAWYER NAMED GREENBERG!
JIM...TAKE MY ADVICE BEFORE I GO...SEE A DOCTOR...A GOOD DOCTOR...YOU'RE A SICK MAN, JIM.... VERY SICK!
GO ON...GET OUT! I DON'T NEED ADVICE FROM YOU OR ANYBODY! I DON'T TRUST NONE OF YA! IT SERVES ME RIGHT FOR MARRYIN' A SWEDE!
AS THE DOOR SLAMS BEHIND HER, THE FINAL THREAD OF DECENCY SEEMS TO SNAP IN YOUR BRAIN! YOU CHARGE AROUND THE ROOM LIKE A CAGED BEAST...
THEY'VE GOTTA BE DRIVEN OUT! IT'S THEM OR US! I'LL KILL 'EM...I'LL KILL 'EM ALL! I'LL MAKE 'EM PAY FOR WHAT THEY DID TO ME!
CRASH
2

YOU LEAVE YOUR HOUSE AND START MAKING THE ROUNDS! YOU CONTACT YOUR PALS...HOODLUMS, LOAFERS, PETTY CROOKS, AND MALCONTENTS LIKE YOURSELF...
HEY, ROCKY! I WANNA SEE YA!
IN EVERY TOWN THERE ARE SOME MEN WHO'LL STOP AT NOTHING FOR A CHANCE TO TORTURE THOSE WHO ARE WEAKER THAN THEMSELVES! YOU'VE FOUND THOSE MEN!
PETE! WE'RE HAVIN' A MEETIN' T'NIGHT AT MY PLACE... NINE SHARP! BE THERE!
GOTCHA!
IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG! YOU HAVE EVERYTHING ORGANIZED BY 10 P.M.!
I'M FORMIN' A GANG! WE'RE GONNA WEAR BLACK SHEETS AND WE'RE GONNA RUN EVERY FOREIGNER OUTTA THIS TOWN!
WHAT'S IN IT FER US?
YEAH...WHAT'S OUR ANGLE?
WE GRAB EVERYTHING WE CAN FROM THESE DIRTY IMMIGRANTS! WE'LL BEAT 'EM AN' ROB 'EM! WE'LL SEND 'EM BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM!
OKAY WITH ME...AS LONG AS THERE'LL BE ENOUGH LOOT!
I'M IN!
WHEN DO WE START?
THE NEXT NIGHT, ALL EIGHT OF YOU HAVE BLACK SHEETS ON... AND YOU HEAD FOR YOUR FIRST VICTIM...GONZALES!
HE LIVES IN THIS HOUSE! LET'S GO GET 'IM!
THIS OUGHTTA BE FUN!
CRASH
WHAT'S GOIN' ON? WHAT'S HAPPENING?
COME ON OUT, GONZALES! WE WANT YOU!
I'LL PHONE THE POLICE!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?
WE WANNA TEACH YA A LESSON ABOUT FIRING REAL AMERICANS FROM THEIR JOBS!
AND THEN WE'RE GONNA BASH YOUR SKULL IN AS A WARNIN' TO OTHER STINKIN' FOREIGNERS!

WHY DO YOU CALL ME "FOREIGNER"? I'M AN AMERICAN CITIZEN! I...
UGH!
SHUT YER YAP, RAT!
HE'S OUT COLD!
SO WHAT? KEEP HITTIN' HIM! HE MIGHT'A RECOGNIZED MY VOICE... I WANNA MAKE SURE HE DON'T TALK!
LISTEN! THE COPS!
WOOEEEE
YOU REALIZE YOU MADE A MISTAKE! YOU GAVE SOMEONE IN THE HOUSE TIME TO PHONE THE COPS! BUT YOU WON'T MAKE A SECOND MISTAKE! YOU RUN... FAST!
LIFT 'EM... ALL OF YA!
ONE OF 'EM'S GETTING AWAY!
POLICE
YOU SOMEHOW MANAGE TO MAKE IT BACK TO YOUR ROOM! YOU SLAM THE DOOR BEHIND YOU... BREATHLESSLY!
MADE IT!
SLAM
YOU TAKE OFF THE BLACK SHEET IN PANIC... YOU'VE GOT TO HIDE IT... GOT TO DESTROY THE EVIDENCE!
I'LL BURN THE SHEET AN' PILLOWCASE... THEN NOBODY'LL BE ABLE TO PROVE NOTHIN'!
BUT... AS YOU LOOK IN THE MIRROR, YOU GASP IN TERROR... YOU'RE STILL WEARING A BLACK PILLOWCASE OVER YOUR HEAD...
I MUST BE GOIN' BATTY! I DON'T REMEMBER PUTTIN' ON TWO PILLOWCASES!
WITH CLUMSY, GROPING FINGERS YOU TEAR THE PILLOWCASE FROM YOUR HEAD... BUT...
ANOTHER ONE!
4

FEAR CLUTCHES YOUR HEART WITH ICY FINGERS AS YOU RIP THE BLACK HOOD FROM YOUR HEAD...BUT UNDER IT...



YOU GIVE WAY TO PANIC! YOU CAN'T BE FOUND WITH IT ON YOUR HEAD! YOU TEAR IT AS IF YOUR LIFE DEPENDED ON IT...

HOW DID IT HAPPEN? WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

MAYBE YOU PUT THEM ON WHEN YOU WERE DRUNK... MAYBE YOU DID IT FOR A GAG...MAYBE YOU FORGOT...

YOUR FINGERS REND AND TEAR AND SCRAPE AND RIP AND SLASH AND PULL AND GRIP AND SEVER AND SPLIT...YOU CAN THINK OF NOTHING ELSE...NOTHING BUT GETTING THOSE HORRIBLE BLACK HOODS OFF YOUR HEAD...

AND WHEN THE POLICE BREAK IN A FEW MINUTES LATER, THEY'RE MET BY A STRANGE AND GRUESOME SIGHT...

LIKE YOUR WIFE SAID, JIM, YOU WERE AN AWFULLY SICK MAN! BUT WHAT BIGOT *ISN'T?*

THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

THE URGE TO KILL

HE felt it again. There was no denying it, this time. It was still weak, still just a small glowing spark compared to what it would be. He shuddered as he thought of the raging, all-consuming blaze into which it would grow.

Stan Whittaker could still count the times he'd felt like this before. The number was not really large, though it was large enough to cause him considerable worry in his saner moments. Each time was indelibly etched on his mind—and for an excellent reason. Because each time had resulted in a murder, with Stan himself as the killer.

He sat at his big desk in his neat, modernistic office and tried to force himself to consider only the present situation, to figure it out coldly and logically. He fastened his gaze on the tooled leather desk set engraved with his initials, on the golfing trophy he used as a paperweight, on the old English hunting prints on the wall, on the expensive first editions in the bookcase—on anything that would remind pointedly of the realities of life. They were solid, tangible objects, he liked them all, and they were symbols of what an intelligent, respected, successful man he was. The kind of man who couldn't conceivably kill anyone, not even for the most intelligently reasoned motives—and certainly not in an insane rage.

But it was no good. The facts remained, a pounding refrain in his head that he could not change or stop. He had killed several people in the past, and now he knew that he was about to choose another victim.

And there was nothing he could do about it. He couldn't even go to a psychiatrist. An analyst would be glad to treat him, of course, but it wouldn't do any good unless he were completely honest with the doctor. And being completely honest would mean confessing Stan's past crimes!

Even as he reconsidered all the familiar possibilities of escaping from the urge, he could feel it growing stronger within him. The emotion was building up, and now a hot wind of hatred was blowing through his mind. Hatred of whom, or what, he didn't yet know, but . . .

"Howdy, Stan ol' boy!" The door slammed so hard that even the heavy desk seemed to shiver, and Bob Collins breezed into the room. Bob's blustery, backslapping manner was a thing Stan had always disliked in other people but somehow forgave in this case; the two had been warm friends since their college days. Had been. Until now.

For suddenly, Stan's frenzied, seething emotions had found its channel. Fiercer than ever, it turned in one definite direction. Stan knew that this time he would kill Bob Collins — his best friend!

With an effort, Stan controlled himself and tried to look calm. Apparently the effort was successful, because Bob advanced cheerfully into the room, not noticing anything unusual. Placing his palms flat on the desk, he leaned over and grinned cheerfully into Stan's face. Somehow, the grin suddenly seemed idiotic, although it never had before. Somehow, Bob Collins had turned into an offensive boor.

Stan made a brief, determined effort to reject these thoughts. He knew they were merely attempts to justify that fierce, uncontrollable urge which was overpowering him. But it did no good; His conscious mind no longer had full control of his actions and desires. Without any volition on his part, his fingers were curling into taloned claws!

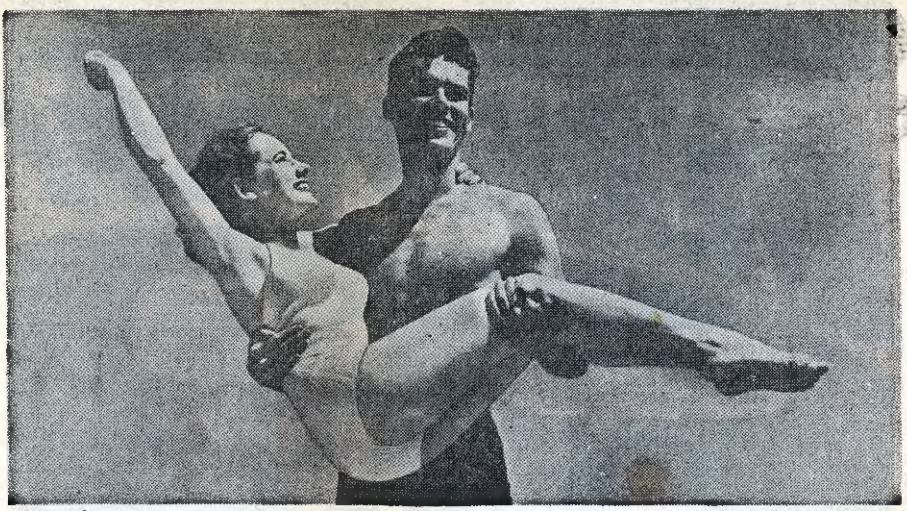
This wouldn't do! Painfully, Stan got a grip on his quivering nerves and looked Bob full in the face. His friend apparently didn't notice anything strange about his attitude at all.

"Well Stan?" Bob said, smiling. "Want to have some lunch, or are you going to sit here and plan gigantic financial empires all day?"

Stan smiled back. He would have to act normal at any cost. After all, if he were going to kill Bob, he'd have to be particularly careful to give his friend no reason for suspicion before the act. He'd have to put on a terrific act just to act in his usual manner. Then, before Bob knew what hit him . . .

As he shrugged into his topcoat, with his back carefully turned to Bob, Stan reflected that it was amazing how casually and completely he had accepted the idea of killing Bob. There was even less strain and worry to it than last time, in spite of the fact that he and Bob and been room-mates in school, gotten jobs in the same office afterwards, always went to the same movies and plays and nightclubs with their wives—in short, did everything together until they could almost read each other's minds, so close was

(*continued after next story*)



Skinny Girls Don't Have OOMPH!

It takes those extra lbs. of solid flesh to "bring out" your natural curves

If you're otherwise healthy but skinny, scrawny, rundown and lbs. underweight, try correcting this common mistake in eating.

THERE are three essential substances that many thin, scrawny and undernourished girls may fail to get in sufficient quantity from the food they eat. These substances are Vitamin B_1, calcium phosphate and iron. If, like thousands of others, you are underweight without organic cause . . never seem to gain a pound . . are so thin that you look gangling and gawky from insufficient amounts of these precious elements, don't get discouraged.

You may find that by correcting this simple mistake in eating you can easily add firm solid flesh . . . extra alluring pounds that help bring out those natural eye-catching curves. A simple and easy way is to try the amazing new product called Numal that supplies, in significant amounts, the Vitamin B_1, calcium phosphate and iron needed in the daily diet. Plus a food that in itself is a great help in adding extra pounds.

Take 1 heaping teaspoonful of Numal 3 times a day. It is pleasant, assimilable and easy to take. You will get the equivalent in Vitamin B_1 content of 34 cakes of average moist baker's yeast . . . the iron equivalent of 15 pounds of tomatoes or 1⅔ pounds of spinach or 9 pounds of boiled beets...and the calcium equivalent of ⅘ths pint of fresh cow's milk, the phosphorus content of 1 glass.

Remember, if you don't get a sufficient quantity of Vitamin B_1 in your daily diet, you may suffer loss of appetite. And without sufficient iron, the element that helps build rich red blood, you may be rundown, pale, weak and listless. You need calcium phosphate for sound teeth and sturdy bones.

SKINNY MEN ARE NOT ATTRACTIVE EITHER

. . a skinny, scrawny body is no asset in social or business life. Give NUMAL a chance to build you up, put firm flesh on you.

Numal Must Please You or No Cost

So if you are skinny, gangling and bony from lack of these precious nutrients, don't wait any longer. Get Numal today. You will want those extra pounds that "bring out" your natural eye-catching curves. Take Numal faithfully for a week. See if you can't actually feel the difference . . . gain weight and better color. If after this short period you honestly don't feel Numal has benefited you, just return the bottle for a complete refund of your money. Numal costs but a few cents a day to use.

If loss of weight persists see your doctor

U. S. NATURE PRODUCTS CORP., 3560 Broadway, Dept. 91B, New York 31, N.Y.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

U. S. NATURE PRODUCTS CORP.
3560 B'way, Dept. 91B, New York 31, N.Y.

Send me at once a jar of NUMAL with the understanding that it must put weight on me or you'll refund my money after the first jar. I'll pay postman $2.00 plus C.O.D. charges and postage

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ___ State ___

NOTE: If you want to save all postal charges enclose $2 check, money order or cash. We will pay all postal charges. Same money-back guarantee

Sorry: Canadian orders cannot be sent C.O.D. Send International Money Order

OUR SECOND CHILLER IS AN UNUSUAL TYPE OF TALE! UNUSUAL BECAUSE IT HAS THREE DISTINCT STORY TWISTS IN IT! SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THEM AS YOU READ THE STORY OF WALDO FORREST... POOR, POOR WALDO!

WEREWOLF!

HERE IT IS!! ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF A WEREWOLF RAVAGING A VILLAGE IN HUNGARY IN 1654!! THESE RECORDS CAN'T ALL BE WRONG!!
WALDO!! ARE YOU STILL DOWN THERE? COME UP HERE AT ONCE!!
SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME, THERE HAVE BEEN TALES OF HIDEOUS CREATURES--- HALF MAN AND HALF WOLF! MOST PEOPLE LAUGH AT SUCH LEGENDS, AND CALL THEM FANTASIES --- BUT YOU, WALDO FORREST, YOU BELIEVE THAT WEREWOLVES DO EXIST!!!
A TALE OF MADDENING MENACE!

IT'S EMILY--- AND SHE'S ANGRY!! I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE DONE THE DISHES FOR HER BEFORE I CAME DOWN HERE!!
DO YOU HEAR ME, YOU WORM? GET UP HERE BEFORE I COME DOWN AND DRAG YOU UP!!!

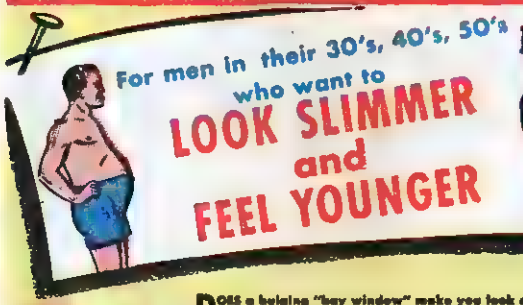
SO!! YOU'RE STILL WASTING TIME WITH THOSE STUPID OLD BOOKS OF YOURS, ARE YOU??? AFTER I WARNED YOU TO GET RID OF THEM!!!
I---I'M SORRY, EMILY!! I WAS JUST DOING SOME RESEARCH--- THAT'S ALL!

RESEARCH!!! ACCOUNTS OF WEREWOLVES AND OTHER CREATURES OF THE NIGHT!! YOU PROMISED ME YOU'D FORGET ALL ABOUT THIS POPPYCOCK, AND BURN THESE STUPID BOOKS!!
BUT, EMILY --- IT ISN'T POPPYCOCK!! WEREWOLVES DO EXIST--- I KNOW IT!!!
THAT'S WHAT I THINK OF YOUR WEREWOLVES AND YOUR CRAZY THEORIES!
DON'T!!! THAT'S THE ONLY COPY OF THAT VOLUME IN PRINT! OH, NO!!!
YOU WALK UPSTAIRS IN STUNNED SILENCE! FOR YEARS THE DOMINEERING SHREW OF A WOMAN YOU MARRIED HAS BEEN ORDERING YOU AROUND LIKE A SERVANT--- AND NOW, THIS FINAL BLOW!!
IF I EVER CATCH YOU READING TRASH LIKE THAT AGAIN, I'LL SHOVE IT DOWN YOUR SCRAWNY THROAT! NOW – FINISH THOSE DISHES --- AND SEE THAT YOU DON'T BREAK ANY!
AS YOU WASH THE DIRTY DINNER PLATES, EMILY'S VOICE KEEPS RINGING IN YOUR EARS LIKE A DIRGE! THE SAME REFRAIN YOU'VE LISTENED TO FOR YEARS --- OVER AND OVER AND OVER ---
I COULD HAVE MARRIED A RICH MAN --- INSTEAD, I SAID "YES" TO YOU --- AND LOOK AT ME NOW --- IN THIS LONELY OLD FARMHOUSE --- WITH NO FRIENDS, NO ENTERTAINMENT --- NOTHING BUT THE FOUR WALLS --- AND YOU!
AND SUDDENLY SOMETHING SNAPS IN YOUR MIND!
I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE!
YOU THROW DOWN THE DISH CLOTH --
--- RACE TO THE BACK DOOR--
--- AND RUN OUT INTO THE COOL, COMFORTING, SILENT NIGHT!!
2

YOU HEAR EMILY'S VOICE CALLING AFTER YOU--BUT IT ONLY LENDS SPEED TO YOUR FEET!!!
WALDO! WALDO, WHERE ARE YOU? WHEN I CATCH YOU, I'LL---
A HALF-HOUR LATER, BREATHLESS AND EXHAUSTED, YOU ENTER "BROWN'S BAR AND GRILL" IN THE HEART OF THE NEARBY TOWN--
HEY, LOOK! IT'S WALDO FORREST!
YOUR WIFE BEEN ACTIN' UP AGAIN, WALDO?
YOU LOOK POOPED! WHA'S MATTER? DIDJA SEE ONE OF THEM WERE-WOLVES YE'RE ALWAYS TALKIN' ABOUT? HAW HAW!!!
WHAT'RE YOU LAUGHIN' ABOUT, MATT COLLINS? DIDN'T THREE OF YOUR PRIZE HOGS GET EATEN UP LAST WEEK?
YEAH--BUT IT WAR'NT NO WEREWOLF THAT GOT 'EM! IT WUZ JEST A PLAIN, SIMPLE, ORDINARY, TIMBER WOLF!
BUT IF IT'S JUST AN ORDINARY WOLF, WHY CAN'T WE EVER FIND IT? I SAY IT'S TOO SMART--- BECAUSE IT'S A WEREWOLF!!!
YOU BETTER HAVE A DRINK, WALDO--YOU'RE CRACKIN' UP!
I'LL SHOW YOU--I'LL SHOW YOU ALL! TONIGHT'S THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON--I'M GONNA GO UP TO THE HILLS AND TRACK DOWN THE WEREWOLF--AND COME BACK WITH PROOF THAT IT'S THERE!!
IF YOU FIND ANY DRAGONS, BRING 'EM BACK, TOO!!
YOU TRUDGE UP THE NARROW MOUNTAIN TRAIL WITH YOUR HEART BEATING LIKE A TRIP-HAMMER! YOU JUST KNOW THERE'S A WEREWOLF IN THESE HILLS, AND YOU'LL PROVE IT IF YOU HAVE TO DIE TO DO SO!!
EVERYONE THINKS I'M A FOOL--MY WIFE, MY FRIENDS--BUT THEY'LL CHANGE THEIR MINDS--I SWEAR IT!
3

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE--

An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT



For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's who want to

LOOK SLIMMER and FEEL YOUNGER

POSTURE BAD? Got a 'Bay Window'?

DO YOU ENVY MEN who can 'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?

and then he got a "CHEVALIER" . . .

YOU NEED A "CHEVALIER"!

DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge . . . or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in . . . flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!

TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen; yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!

Rear View FITS SNUG AT SMALL of BACK

Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

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FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. *You risk nothing!* Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc — and mail TODAY!

2. Try on the "Chevalier" Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined . . . how comfortable you feel. How good it is!

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Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman $3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my FREE pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

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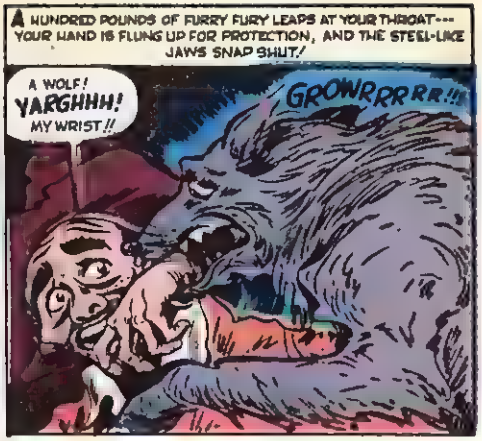
YOU REALIZE YOU'RE TAKING A DANGEROUS CHANCE, WALKING THROUGH THESE HILLS ALONE AT NIGHT! THERE ARE SNAKES LURKING --- AND BEARS--AND COUGARS! YOU FINGER YOUR LITTLE REVOLVER--- HOPING THERE ARE ALSO *WEREWOLVES*!!!
IF I CAN ONLY GET NEAR ENOUGH TO ONE TO GET A SHOT AT IT!!
AND THEN YOU STUMBLE ON IT--- YOUR FIRST CLUE!
THE PIG! IT'S THE CORPSE OF ONE OF MATT COLLINS' PORKERS!!
YEAH!:- S THE CORPSE OF MY PIG! YOU FOUND IT, EH?
MATT!! YOU *FOLLOWED* ME HERE!!!
NO, I DIDN'T--- I *ALWAYS* COME HERE ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON!!!
YOU'RE A WEREWOLF!!!
SO I WAS *RIGHT!* THERE REALLY *ARE* SUCH THINGS!
YES--- BUT *YOU'LL* NEVER LIVE TO TELL ANYONE!!!
OH, YES I WILL! I CAME *PREPARED*--- EVEN A WEREWOLF IS NO MATCH FOR A GUN!!
NO--- DON'T--- ARGHHHH!!!
BUT AS MATT COLLINS FALLS TO THE GROUND, YOU WITNESS A STARTLING SIGHT! A MASK FALLS FROM HIS FACE--AND YOU KNOW YOU'VE DONE A TERRIBLE THING!!!
YOU F-FOOL! WE WANTED TO P-PLAY A J-JOKE ON YOU! I WAS ONLY WEARING A *M-MASK!* AND NOW--- N-NOW--- *AAARGHH-H--!--*
I--- I'VE *KILLED* HIM! I'M A--- A *MURDERER!!!*
4

YOU STAND ROOTED TO THE SPOT, NOT KNOWING WHAT TO DO --- AND THEN YOU HEAR A GROWL BEHIND YOU----
WAHGRRRGHHH!
WHAT'S THAT.???


A HUNDRED POUNDS OF FURRY FURY LEAPS AT YOUR THROAT--- YOUR HAND IS FLUNG UP FOR PROTECTION, AND THE STEEL-LIKE JAWS SNAP SHUT!
A WOLF! YARGHHH! MY WRIST!!
GROWRRRRR!!!

WITH YOUR THREE REMAINING BULLETS YOU FIRE AT THE BLOOD-CRAZED BEAST--- POINT-BLANK!
BA-A-NG!

AND IT FALLS DEAD AT YOUR FEET! WITH YOUR INJURED HAND YOU REACH DOWN TO EXAMINE IT ----
THE WOLF'S BLOOD ---! IT'S OOZING INTO MY OWN WOUND!!

YES ... THE WOLF'S BLOOD HAS MERGED WITH YOURS! BUT YOU DON'T GIVE IT ANY THOUGHT --- YOU'RE TOO BUSY APPLYING A TOURNIQUET TO YOUR ARM!
I'M ALL OUT OF BULLETS! I'D BETTER GET BACK HOME FAST!!

YOU STUMBLE DOWN THE HILLY TRAIL UNTIL YOU REACH YOUR OWN FARMHOUSE ---
EMILY --- EMILY! LET ME IN!!

THE DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN ANGRILY --- BUT INSTEAD OF YELLING AT YOU, EMILY SCREAMS HYSTERICALLY!!!
AIIIEEEEEEEE!!!

YOU LOOK DOWN AT YOUR HANDS --- UNABLE TO BELIEVE YOUR EYES!
YOUR EYES TRAVEL DOWN TO YOUR FEET---
YOU RACE INTO THE HOUSE-BRUSHING EMILY ASIDE LIKE A STRAW---
AND THERE, IN FRONT OF THE HALL MIRROR, YOUR EYES TELL YOU THE INCREDIBLE STORY!!!
BUT A SHOT RINGS OUT BEHIND YOU, AND YOU FEEL YOUR BACK CAVE IN! EMILY HAS FOUND AND LOADED YOUR SHOTGUN!
UGHHHH!!!
WHAM!
BEFORE YOU FALL, YOU LUNGE AT YOUR WIFE --- SEIZING HER THROAT, AND NOT LETTING GO!!!
GASP!
GASP!
GASP!
AS LIFE EBBS FROM YOUR BODY, YOU'RE HAPPY IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT WHEN YOUR CORPSE IS DISCOVERED, THE WORLD WILL KNOW AT LAST THAT WEREWOLVES DO EXIST! IT WAS WORTH DYING FOR TO PROVE YOU WERE RIGHT!!
BUT.. YOU FORGOT ONE THING!! WHEN A WEREWOLF DIES HE CHANGES BACK TO HUMAN FORM!!! TOO BAD, WALDO... THIS WORLD STILL DOESN'T KNOW! PERHAPS... IT NEVER WILL!!!
IT'S HORRIBLE! WALDO AND EMILY FINALLY DID WHAT EVERYONE FEARED THEY'D DO SOMEDAY! THEY KILLED EACH OTHER!
THEY WERE PROBABLY ARGUING ABOUT THAT CRAZY WEREWOLF THEORY OF HIS!!

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- ★ Sprays from upon container
- ★ Fully guaranteed
- ★ Trigger action
- ★ Nozzle is eye level
- ★ Unbreakable
- ★ A child can operate it
- ★ Non-Corrosive
- ★ Sprays evenly
- ★ Portable, weighs 1¼ lbs.
- ★ 25 oz. Flint Glass jar is use
- ★ Fully adjustable

12.95

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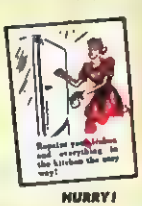

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(continued . . .)

the friendship. But in a way, that made it easire to plan Bob's death. He knew all of Bob's habits, thought patterns, and weaknesses; he could easily figure out a method of murder that would look like accident or suicide.

Bob still didn't seem to notice Stan's preoccupation, and kept up a steady stream of small talk as they headed for the elevator. As the express car shot downward, Stan felt as if a giant hand had seized him and was slowly squeezing. The sensation was only partially physical. Stan's furious hatred was increasing, seeming to press out in every direction, as if it would tear him apart if it didn't find a release. On top of that, he felt worried, worried and strangely afraid.

He forced himself to listen to what Bob was saying. ". . . stuff they have on television these days is simply incredible," his friend chattered blithely on. "Kids have it on all the time, of course. Sometimes wonder if it's good for them—just being in the house so much, even if they don't get their heads filled with crazy ideas. Weird thing on last night, all about a werewolf that kidnapped a girl and . . ."

Werewolf! Stan shuddered involuntarily. Maybe that's what he was—a modern werewolf! True, he didn't have any of the physical characteristics, but that was probably all legendary anyway. In real life, a man's mental and psychological make-up made all the difference. A genuine werewolf would probably be some extreme schizophrenic, unable to control the vicious, murderous personality that hid beneath the normal surface and occasionally cropped out.

But now Bob had noticed that something was wrong, and he looked at Stan queerly as they stepped out of the elevator and headed across the lobby. "Something wrong, Stan?" he asked warmly. "You look white as a sheet, boy? Maybe you need an aspirin—or a drink."

Stan managed to grin. "No, I'm all right. That drink might be a good idea, though." He grasped Bob's arm from behind, forcing his friend to walk slightly ahead of him as they crossed the sidewalk. It was a casual move, and a gesture he had made many times before. Bob would find nothing strange in it.

But now it had a new and sinister purpose. Stan had decided to act immediately, before Bob's suspicions of something wrong had a chance to become implanted in his mind and grow stronger.

They stepped into the street.

The green light was with them, but Stan hesitated slightly, hoping the light would change as they crossed. Then, one push, a fast-moving car, and the deed would be done—Bob would be dead.

He was in luck. The lights change, horns honked briefly, and suddenly a stream of cars was bearing down on the two men. An impatient taxi driver shifted gears fast and shot out ahead of the line of traffic. Stan braced himself, gave a quick shove, and then jumped backward as Bob fell in front of the car.

There was a screech of brakes, and someone screamed shrilly. Stan kept moving, ducking through the crowd that was already gathering. He knew he ought to stick around, since he might have been seen with Bob, but he had to get back on the sidewalk for a minute at least to pull himself together. He was feeling oddly dizzy and ill; he had to take a deep breath and pull himself together. Elbowing people aside, he headed for the curb.

Stan leaned against a lamp post and fumbled for a cigarette. As he got it to his lips, he realized with a start that someone was standing beside him, holding a light for him. He looked up.

"Bob!"

His friend's familiar smile was as warm as ever. Bob was completely unhurt, it seemed, and completely unruffled. A vast, heavy darkness seemed to be closing in on Stan. He gasped for breath, stretched his arms out blindly to support himself . . .

"Stan what's the matter?" Bob's voice came as if from a great distance. "I'm really getting worried about you, boy!"

And Stan knew, then, what was the matter. But he knew that he could never speak the answer aloud, and that he would not remember it when the blackness rose again. Except, of course, for the memory of having committed several murders before.

For the memory wasn't true. He had committed only one murder. Bob had been his first victim, and he himself had been shot down by police bullets as he fled. Shot down and killed. And this was his eternal punishment, this constant mental anguish and emotional torment as he planned killings without knowing why, only to be haunted by the ghost of his victim. Stan knew he had already died and this was the afterlife.

He screamed once as the blackness closed in completely.

THE END C-461

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NOTHING, *Absolutely nothing known to Science can do more to*

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Head Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all four* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

Once you're bald, that's *it*, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe *us*. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have *proved* what we say. Read *their* grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's *better* than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at *our risk*. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay,—but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK. You be the judge! © Ward Laboratories Inc., 1430 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

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1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—*on contact*
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—*fast*
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—*quickly*
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—*instantly*
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—*within 3 seconds*

Here's the Proof!

We get letters like these every day from grateful men and women all over the world.

I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.
E. K., Cleveland, Ohio

Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the *most* help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.
C. La M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out. I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time—no *dandruff!* *W. T. W., Portola, Cal.*

I feel encouraged to say that the infuriating scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.
J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

We gladly cooperate with Physicians and Hospitals desiring to make clinical tests of Ward's Formula. Please write.

TO SAVE YOUR HAIR ACT NOW. Send coupon today for 10-day offer. Send No Money

Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but Double Your Money Back unless you actually SEE, FEEL and ENJOY all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The test is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.

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DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

LET'S HAVE A CHANGE OF PACE NOW! WE'LL GO TO A RODEO! YOU WOULDN'T EXPECT ANYTHING UNUSUAL TO HAPPEN AT A RODEO, WOULD YOU? WELL, THAT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE TWISTED BRAIN OF WES KINCAID!

RODEO!

A TALE OF MADDENING MENACE!

STAN LEE

YOUR NAME IS WES KINCAID AND THE ONE THING YOU WANT MOST IN THE WORLD IS TO KILL TEX ROBBINS...THE COWBOY ON THE BUCKING BRONCO!

C-607

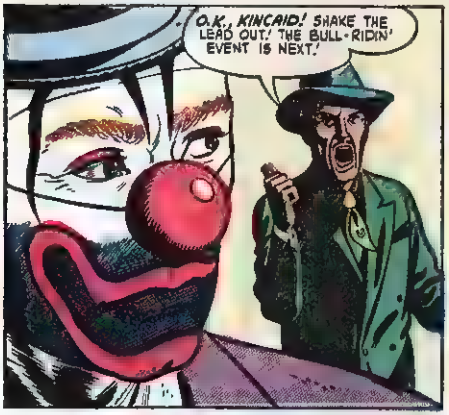
BUT MURDER ISN'T IN YOUR LINE, WES, SO YOU JUST STAND AND WATCH TEX WIN TOP MONEY IN THE BRONC-BUSTIN' EVENT..

AND YOU WATCH TEX WAVE TO THE WILDLY CHEERING CROWDS AS HE RIDES OUT OF THE ARENA...

AND YOU WATCH SUE CONWAY RUN UP TO TEX WITH LOVE SHINING OUT OF HER BLUE EYES AS SHE THROWS HER ARMS AROUND TEX'S NECK..

YOU CAN'T WATCH ANY MORE!! YOU'RE ONLY HUMAN!! YOU LOVE SUE CONWAY MORE THAN LIFE ITSELF...BUT SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW YOU EXIST!

YOU HAVEN'T TOO MUCH TIME TO FEEL SORRY FOR YOURSELF, FOR A VOICE BOOMS OUT...

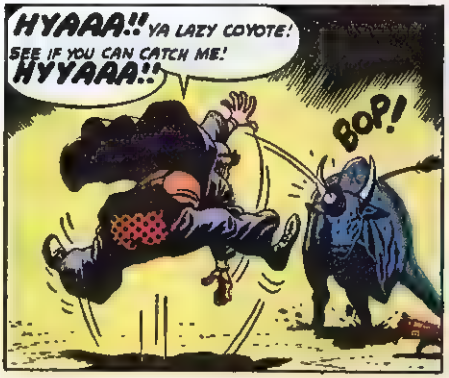


YOU RUN INTO THE CENTER OF THE ARENA...JUST AS YOU'VE DONE AT EVERY RODEO FOR THE PAST 14 YEARS! YOUR BARREL IS OUT THERE, WAITING FOR YOU!

AND THEN, OUT COMES THE HEAVING, SNORTING, BUCKING, STOMPING, CHARGING BULL...FIRE IN HIS NOSTRILS AND DEATH AT HIS HORN POINTS!

THE HAND ATOP THE BULL IS A GOOD RIDER..HE LASTS FOR 8 SECONDS ON THAT FOUR-FOOTED KEG OF DYNAMITE, BUT THEN...

AND THAT'S WHERE *YOU* COME IN! YOU RACE TO THE BULL, WAVING YOUR ARMS, SHOUTING, KICKING..DOING *ANYTHING* TO MAKE HIM NOTICE YOU AND TO GET HIS ATTENTION AWAY FROM THE HELPLESS COWHAND!



THE RED-EYED BEAST SEES YOU, AND CHARGES...

...GIVING THE HORSEMAN TIME TO PICK UP THE FALLEN COWBOY AND GET HIM SAFELY OUT OF THE ARENA!

AS FOR YOU, YOU'RE NOT WORRIED! YOU'VE DONE THIS SO OFTEN, IT'S SECOND NATURE TO YOU .

YOU DIVE HEADFIRST INTO THE BARREL, AS THE DEADLY HORNS SWEEP PAST YOU FUTILELY!

THE BULL MAKES A FEW FRUSTRATED PASSES AT THE BARREL ...BUT YOU'RE AS SAFE AS IF YOU WERE HOME IN BED!

THE CROWD IS CHEERING WILDLY ...BUT IT'S FOR THE NEXT RIDER, NOT FOR YOU! THE CHEERS ARE ***NEVER*** FOR ***YOU!***

AFTER THE SHOW, YOU MEET SUE CONWAY IN THE PADDOCK...BUT IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY...

I'M SORRY, WES! YOU ***KNOW*** I THINK THE WORLD OF YOU... BUT IT'S ***TEX*** I LOVE!

YEAH... I KNOW! I ...I GUESS I ***ALWAYS*** KNEW!

AND THEN YOU GET YOUR BIG IDEA! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GET TEX OUT OF THE WAY AND YOU'LL HAVE CLEAR SAILING WITH SUE! AND WHAT BETTER WAY TO DO IT THAN BY ***KILLING HIM!!***

HEY, TEX... HOW COME YOU NEVER TRY OUT FOR THE BULL-RIDIN' EVENT?

WHAT FOR, KINCAID? I DON'T NEED THE DOUGH.. AND SUE MIGHTN'T LIKE ME AS MUCH IF SOME BULL MASHES IN MY FACE FOR ME!

IT'S EASY... ALMOST ***TOO*** EASY... BUT YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T MISS ...ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS TELL ONE SIMPLE LITTLE LIE... SO YOU TELL IT!

MEBBE YOU'RE RIGHT.. I ONLY MENTIONED IT 'CAUSE I HEARD SOME HOMBRE TELLIN' SUE YOU WERE YELLA... YOU WERE ***SCARED*** OF THE BULLS.' I KNOW I'D HATE TO HAVE SOME RANNY TELL ***MY*** GAL I WAS YELLA.'

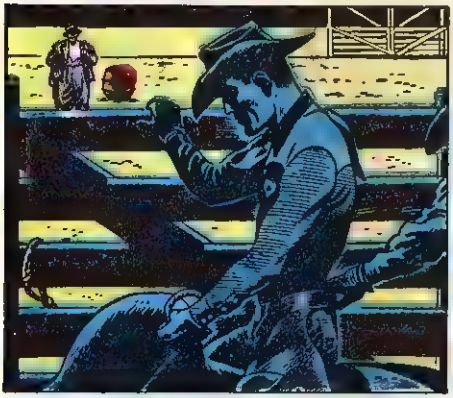
THAT SO? THANKS FOR THE TIP, KINCAID.'

SURE ENOUGH, THE NEXT DAY YOU HEAR THE RODEO ANNOUNCER SAY...

OUR NEXT CONTESTANT IN THE BULL-RIDING EVENT IS TEX ROBBINS...

IT WORKED!

YOU'VE GOT TO THINK FAST. EVERYTHING MUST BE DONE PERFECTLY...IT'S GOT TO LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT..AND NOW... HERE COMES TEX ROBBINS...

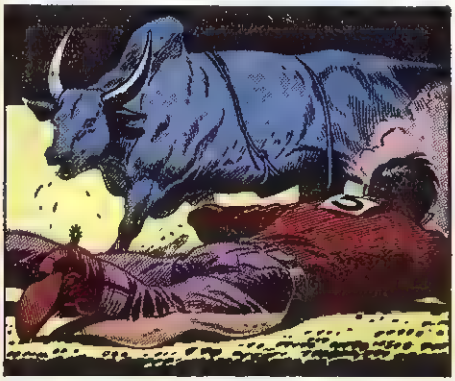


YOU LOOK TOWARD THE STANDS..THERE'S SUE, CHEWING THE END OF HER HANDKERCHIEF..WORRIED SICK ABOUT TEX!! WELL, ***YOU'LL*** BE AROUND TO HELP HER FORGET HIM!

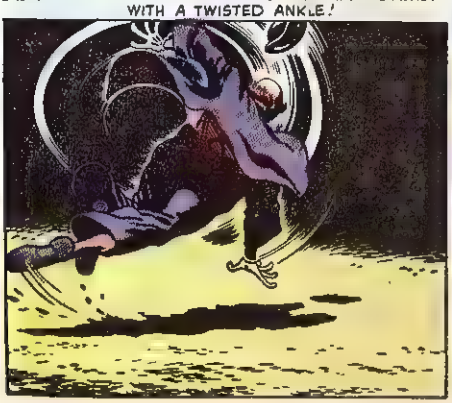
TEX HAS BEEN ON FOR 8 SECONDS NOW..HE'S A GOOD RIDER ..BUT NO MAN CAN STAY ON FOREVER!

ON THE 10TH SECOND, ONE FINAL BUCK HURLS TEX FROM THE BULL'S HEAVING BACK!

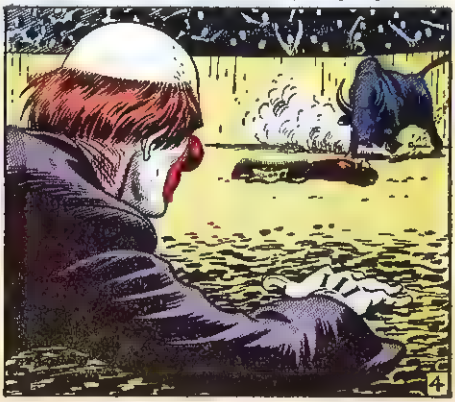
YOUR MOMENT IS AT HAND! THE BULL IS TURNING SLOWLY... LOOKING FOR THE THROWN RIDER...ITS HORNS WAITING TO GORE TEX ROBBINS TO DEATH! ONLY ***YOU***, WES KINCAID, CAN SAVE TEX'S LIFE!



IT'S ALL SO SIMPLE...AS YOU RUSH FORWARD TO DISTRACT THE BULL, YOU PRETEND TO TWIST YOUR ANKLE YOU FALL TO THE GROUND...THEY CAN'T EXPECT YOU TO RUN AND HELP TEX ..NOT WITH A TWISTED ANKLE!



THE BULL COMPLETES ITS TURN AND SEES THE MOTIONLESS COW-BOY.. IT LOWERS ITS HEAD AND PAWS THE GROUND. YOU WATCH EAGERLY...EXCITEMENT POUNDING IN YOUR TEMPLES..



THEN, THE MADDENED BEAST CHARGES!! IT'S ALL OVER NOW...YOU'VE WON!

YOU TURN TO LOOK AT THE STANDS..YOU SEE SUE.. HER EYES FILLED WITH HORROR!

BUT YOU REALIZE THAT SHE'S NOT LOOKING AT *TEX*...SHE'S LOOKING AT *YOU!*

YOU HEAR THE BULL GETTING CLOSER. YOUR HEAD SPINS AROUND ...*IT RAN RIGHT PAST TEX!! IT'S CHARGING TOWARD YOU!!*

IT HAD CAUGHT YOUR SCENT!! IT REMEMBERED THE TIMES YOU HAD DEFEATED IT, CHEATED IT OF ITS VICTIMS!! AND NOW IT'S ONLY 15 FEET FROM YOU!

NO! NO!

YOU TRY TO LEAP TO YOUR FEET ...YOU STILL HAVE A CHANCE!! MAYBE YOU CAN HURL YOURSELF TO ONE SIDE!! *BUT...*

FATE HAS THE LAST LAUGH! YOU TRIED TO FAKE A TWISTED ANKLE, BUT WHEN YOU FELL *YOU REALLY TWISTED IT!!*

I CAN'T STAND!! I... I...

WELL, YOU HAVE *ONE* CONSOLATION, WES KINCAID IT'S A QUICK DEATH!

AAAGHH

THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

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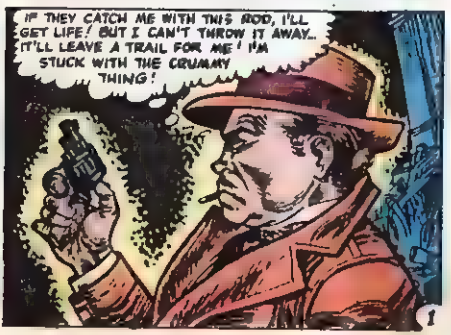
POOR WES KINCAID! HE GOT IT IN THE END AND THAT'S NO BULL! BUT NOW LET'S WRAP UP THIS ISSUE WITH A YARN ABOUT HARRY SIKES! HARRY IS GONNA LIVE FOREVER...BUT NO HUMAN BEING WILL EVER SEE HIM AGAIN! WANNA LEARN WHY? OK...

YOU'RE GONNA LIVE FOREVER

HOW DOES IT FEEL, HARRY SIKES, TO HAVE EVERY COP IN THE STATE ON YOUR TRAIL? HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE LISTED AS PUBLIC ENEMY #1? HOW DOES IT FEEL TO KNOW THAT THERE'S A PRICE ON YOUR HEAD, DEAD OR ALIVE.. AND THAT THOUSANDS OF MEN ARE TRYING TO COLLECT IT??
I GOTTA FIND A PLACE TO HIDE! A PLACE WHERE THEY WON'T THINK OF LOOKIN' FOR ME!
A TALE OF MADDENING MENACE!
by Stan Lee & Joe Maneely

YOU THOUGHT IT WOULD FEEL IMPORTANT TO BE A PUBLIC ENEMY, DIDN'T YOU, HARRY SIKES? HOW IMPORTANT DO YOU FEEL NOW?

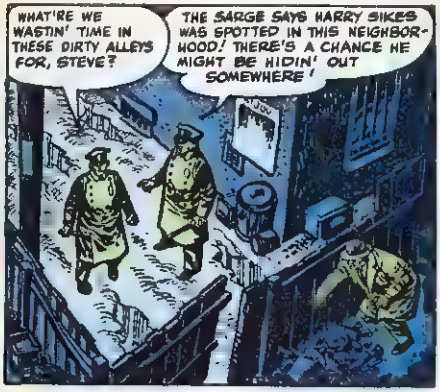
YOU THOUGHT IT WOULD BE GLAMOROUS TO CARRY A GUN, DIDN'T YOU, HARRY SIKES? HOW GLAMOROUS DOES IT FEEL NOW?

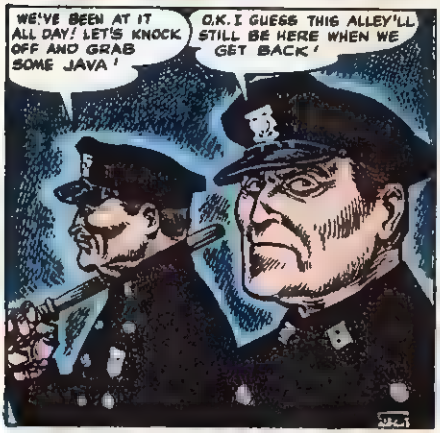


YOU FINALLY DOZE OFF... BUT YOU BLEEP THE RESTLESS, FITFUL SLEEP OF THE HUNTED!

THE FIRST SOUND OF DANGER BRINGS YOU TO YOUR FEET LIKE SOME PREDATORY JUNGLE BEAST...

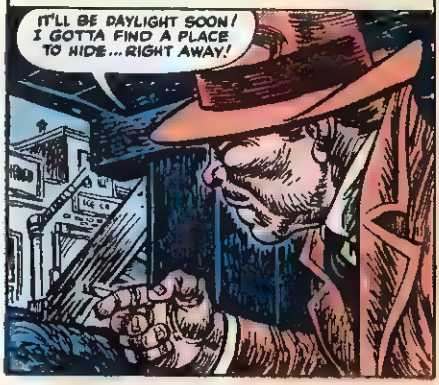
YOUR HEART IS IN YOUR MOUTH AS YOU SEE TWO COPS WALKING TOWARD YOU! THEY DON'T SEE YOU... YET!


WHAT'RE WE WASTIN' TIME IN THESE DIRTY ALLEYS FOR, STEVE?
THE SARGE SAYS HARRY SIKES WAS SPOTTED IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD! THERE'S A CHANCE HE MIGHT BE HIDIN' OUT SOMEWHERE!

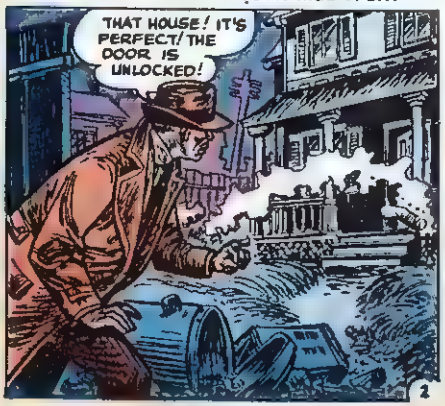


YOU BREATHE EASY AGAIN, HARRY! IT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BE GONE WHEN THOSE COPS RETURN!

LIKE A FLEETING SHADOW... YOU RACE THRU THE STREETS... NOT KNOWING WHICH WAY TO RUN BUT AFRAID TO STAY IN ANY ONE PLACE TOO LONG...



AND THEN YOU SEE IT... AN OLD, DARK, BROWNSTONE HOUSE... WITH THE FRONT DOOR WIDE OPEN!



YOU RACE INSIDE AND SLAM THE DOOR SHUT BEHIND YOU! YOU'RE **SAFE!**... FOR AWHILE...

THEY'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR ME HERE!

SLAM

THAT LIGHT! THERE'S SOMEONE UPSTAIRS!

YOU WALK UP THE STAIRS SLOWLY, SILENTLY... HOLDING YOUR REVOLVER IN YOUR NERVOUS FINGERS...

SOUNDS LIKE SOME KIND OF A MACHINE WHIRRIN' UP THERE!

REACHING THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS, YOU HEAR THE NOISE GROW LOUDER! IT'S COMING FROM THE ROOM AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR!

IT SOUNDS LIKE A SMALL DYNAMO!

WHIRRRRRRRR!

AND THEN, THRU THE DOORWAY YOU SEE A STRANGE SIGHT...

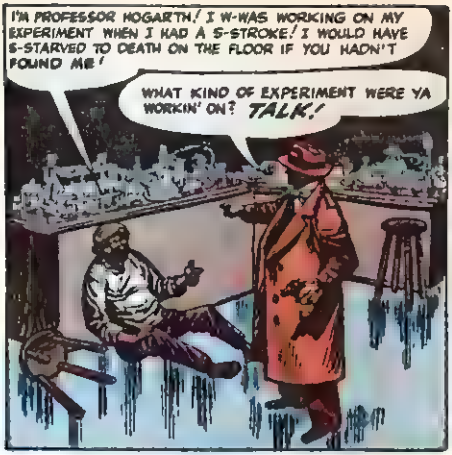
IT'S A LABORATORY!! ALL THE LIGHTS ARE ON... AND THE TEST TUBES'RE FILLED... BUT THE ROOM IS EMPTY!

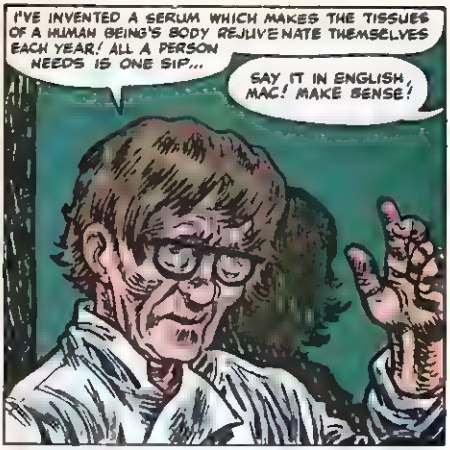
N-NO... I'M HERE!

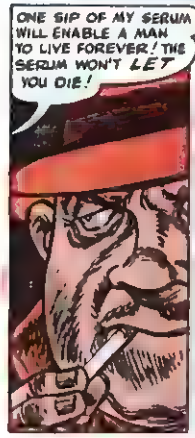
YOU WHEEL AROUND SUDDENLY AT THE SOUND OF ANOTHER HUMAN VOICE... AND YOU'RE STARTLED TO SEE...

HELP... H-HELP ME!

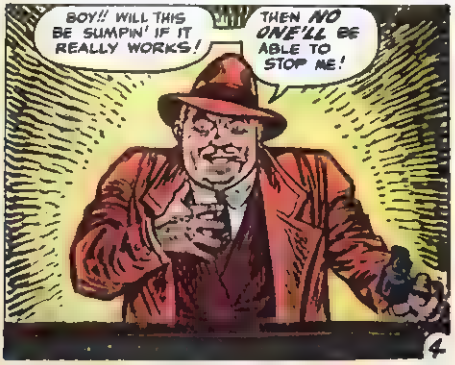
SURE, I'LL HELP YOU! I'LL BASH YER FACE IN!! WHO ARE YA? WHO ELSE IS IN THE HOUSE? C'MON, *TALK!*


I'M PROFESSOR HOGARTH! I W-WAS WORKING ON MY EXPERIMENT WHEN I HAD A S-STROKE! I WOULD HAVE S-STARVED TO DEATH ON THE FLOOR IF YOU HADN'T FOUND ME!
WHAT KIND OF EXPERIMENT WERE YA WORKIN' ON? TALK!


I'VE INVENTED A SERUM WHICH MAKES THE TISSUES OF A HUMAN BEING'S BODY REJUVENATE THEMSELVES EACH YEAR! ALL A PERSON NEEDS IS ONE SIP...
SAY IT IN ENGLISH, MAC! MAKE SENSE!



AS YOU SWALLOW THE ODD-TASTING FLUID, YOU ARE CONSCIOUS OF A WARM GLOW INSIDE! YOU FEEL YOUNGER...STRONGER! YOU FEEL AS THOUGH YOU'LL NEVER DIE!



JUST THEN THE WINDOW BEHIND YOU SLAMS OPEN, AND...

O.K., SIKES! RAISE 'EM! WE GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS NOW!

KINDA CARELESS OF YOU FIRING THAT SHOT! IT LED US TO YOU!

...BEFORE THE COPS KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING, YOU RUN FOR THE DOOR...

YOU AIN'T GOT ME *YET*, COPPERS!

SHOOT! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

AS YOU RACE OUT OF THE DOOR YOU FEEL A BULLET CRASH INTO YOUR CHEST...

CRACK

THEN ANOTHER RICOCHETS OFF THE WALL AND HITS YOU IN THE THIGH!

UGH!

CRACK

BUT YOU KEEP RUNNING...JUST AS THOUGH YOU'RE NOT HIT!! IN A SECOND YOU'RE DOWN THE STAIRS AND OUT THE DOOR...

GOTTA GET TO A SAW-BONES! GOTTA SEE A DOC BEFORE I BLEED TO DEATH!

BUT WHILE YOU'RE RUNNING YOU LOOK DOWN AT YOUR CHEST...THE WOUND IS GONE!

HOLY SMOKE! WHAT IF THAT STUFF I DRANK WAS ON THE LEVEL?!!

MAYBE I *WILL* LIVE FOREVER!

THE POLICE ARE RIGHT BEHIND YOU AND A SPEEDING TRAILOR TRUCK IN FRONT OF YOU! YOU'RE TRAPPED! BUT YOU DECIDE TO TAKE A CHANCE AND RUN IN FRONT OF THE SPEEDING TRUCK!

WE'VE GOT HIM NOW!

I SAW HIM HIT TWICE! WHY DOESN'T HE FALL DOWN?

IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

BUT YOU MISJUDGED THE DISTANCE...AND YOUR SPEED...

AYEEEE!

THUD

WHAM

THE TRUCK HIT YOU WITH THE FORCE OF A PILE DRIVER... BUT YOU PICK YOURSELF UP WHERE YOU'VE FALLEN, A BLOCK AWAY... AND YOU'RE UNHURT...

I'M STILL ALIVE! THEN IT'S TRUE...I WILL LIVE FOREVER! I DRANK THE SERUM AND IT WORKS!

WITH YOUR HEART POUNDING WILDLY, YOU RACE THRU THE MOVING TRAFFIC, LEAVING THE PURSUING POLICE FAR BEHIND!

I CAN TAKE ALL THE CHANCES I WANT TO! NOTHING CAN HARM ME!

EEEKK

SCREECH

THE NEXT DAY YOU'RE RIDING A FREIGHT TRAIN TOWARDS THE SOUTH...

I'LL GO DOWN TO LOUISIANA AND HIDE OUT IN THE BAYOU COUNTRY! NOBODY COULD FIND ANYONE THERE!

I'LL STAY THERE FOR YEARS.. UNTIL NOBODY REMEMBERS ME! WHY SHOULDN'T I HIDE FOR YEARS? I'VE GOT FOREVER TO LIVE!

AND SO, A WEEK LATER, A GUIDE LEADS YOU INTO THE BAYOU COUNTRY OF LOUISIANA ...

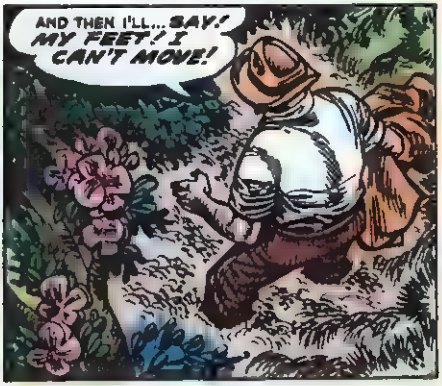
ARE YOU SURE NOBODY CAN EVER FIND ME HERE?

YES, SIR! NOBODY ON EARTH COULD FIND YOU 'CEPTIN' ME!

AS YOU WALK THRU THE SWAMPS, YOUR MIND IS PLEASANTLY FILLED WITH IDLE DAYDREAMS ABOUT THE FUTURE...

I'LL BE THE SMARTEST GUY ON EARTH! I'LL REMEMBER THINGS THAT HAPPENED HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO! I'LL BE ABLE TO WRITE MY OWN TICKET!

YOU'RE SO WRAPPED UP IN YOUR OWN ROTTEN THOUGHTS THAT YOU DONT NOTICE YOUR FEET BEGINING TO SINK INTO THE MUD...



BUT AS THE SAND GETS INTO YOUR NOSE... MOUTH... THROAT... LUNGS... YOU CONTINUE TO BREATHE... YOU STAY ALIVE...

FOR YOU *CANNOT* DIE! YOU'LL STAY ALIVE FOR-EVER... FOR ALL ETERNITY... UNDER A MOUNTAIN OF SAND WHILE THE WORMS DEVOUR YOUR FLESH...

„AND EVERY BEAT OF YOUR HEART WILL ECHO THE WORDS... "LET ME DIE"... "LET ME DIE"... BUT NO ONE CAN HEAR... NO ONE CAN HELP...

THAT WINDS IT UP FOR THIS MONTH! AND NOW... HERE'S SOME NEWS FOR YOU! NEXT MONTH WE HAVE A CUTE CHARACTER THAT YOU WON'T WANNA MISS! WHO IS HE? WELL LET'S JUST CALL HIM "*THE MADMAN!*" SEE YOU ALL NEXT ISSUE... AND REMEMBER TO WRITE TO STAN LEE, EDITOR; MENACE; 270 PARK AVE; N.Y. 17, N.Y. AND TELL US HOW YOU LIKED OUR LITTLE TID-BITS THIS MONTH!

CHEW IMPROVED FORMULA

CHEWING GUM!

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Up to 5 lbs. a Week With Dr. Phillips Plan

Reduce to a slimmer more graceful figure the way Dr. Phillips recommends — without starving — without missing a single meal! Here for you NOW — a scientific way which guarantees you can lose as much weight as you wish — or YOU PAY NOTHING! No Drugs, No Starvation, No Exercises or Laxatives. The amazing thing is that it is so easy to follow — simple and safe to lose those ugly, fatty bulges. Each and every week you lose pounds safely until you reach the weight that most becomes you. Now at last you have the doctors' new modern way to reduce — to acquire that dreamed about silhouette, an improved slimmer, exciting, more graceful figure. Simply chew delicious improved Formula Dr. Phillips Kelpidine Chewing Gum and follow Dr. Phillips Plan. This wholesome, tasty delicious Kelpidine Chewing Gum contains Hexitol, REDUCES appetite and is sugar free. Hexitol is a new discovery and contains no fat and no available carbohydrates. Enjoy chewing this delicious gum and reduce with Dr. Phillips Plan. Try it for 12 days, then step on the scale. You'll hardly believe your eyes. Good for men too.

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NOT AT ALL! I DIDN'T KNOW A NOTE. YET I STARTED PLAYING WHOLE PIECES RIGHT AWAY!

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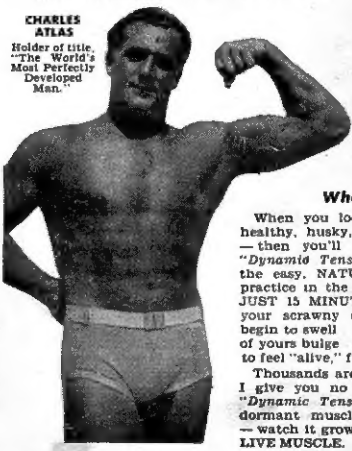
Hey SKINNY!
...YER RIBS ARE SHOWING!
DON'T LET HIM HIT YOU, JOE!
WATCH WHAT YOU SAY, FELLA...
SHUT UP, YOU BAG OF BONES!
DARN IT! I'M TIRED OF BEING A SKINNY SCARECROW. CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN MAKE ME A NEW MAN! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK.
LATER
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG. WHAT A BUILD. NOW I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT BULLY.
HERE'S A LOVE-TAP—— FROM THAT "BAG OF BONES," REMEMBER?
OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL HE-MAN, AFTER ALL.
WHAT A MAN
AND HE USED TO BE SO SKINNY!

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!



CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim Girls made fun of me behind my back THEN I discovered my body-building system, "*Dynamic Tension*." It made me such a *complete* specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

What's My Secret?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast "*Dynamic Tension*" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY. Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With "*Dynamic Tension*" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE My 32 Page Illustrated Book is Yours — Not for $1.00 or 10c — But FREE

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* 32 pages of photos, valuable advice Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A *real prize* for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy FREE. It may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: *Charles Atlas, Dept 605, 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.*

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Send me — absolutely FREE — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way

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(Please print or write plainly)

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City_____ State_____

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A

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BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES - MEN

Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, 1000 Shot Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles with tube of shot, Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles, Telescopes, Radios, Movie Machines, Record Players (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Our 58th year. Write or mail coupon today. Act now. Be first. We trust you. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 148

Boys-Girls- Men

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Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial, fourteen colorful art pictures and fourteen boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

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